

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Indianapolis Evening Times has been suspended.

The gamblers of Washington have been driven by the new law over into Alexandria.

R. & C. DEGENER, of New York, have suspended. Liabilities, \$500,000; assets, \$625,000.

Miss MARY ANN CONKLING, sister of Roscoe Conkling, is dying in a hospital in Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. ALBERT VOLMER, who was confined in the Covington (Ky.) jail for abusing his family, committed suicide.

A divorced husband in Bloomington, Ill., attempted to kill his wife, son and daughter while they were seated at the dinner table.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has held that sleeping-car companies are common carriers, belonging to the same category as railroad companies.

Reports received in Chicago for the entire wheat growing region indicate that there will not be more than 75 per cent. of an average crop harvested.

Miss JENNIE STALL, of Lincoln, Ga., who was to have been married to a young man in Cincinnati in a short time, committed suicide by hanging herself to a beam in her father's barn.

The wife of C. C. Markle, the Pittsburg paper dealer, from whom Detective Wapenstein, in Cincinnati, took \$28,400 on Friday, reached Cincinnati, and persuaded the fugitive to return home with her.

The Civil Service Commission, at the suggestion of President Arthur, will go to New York and examine the workings of the postoffice and custom house there before completing the revision of their rules.

The fall of a substance resembling sulphur is reported to have taken place on three successive nights in the vicinity of Princeton, Ky. They believe that the earth is about to be covered with a coating of sulphur in order that it will burn readily.

A band of Nihilists have been captured in an obscure residence in St. Petersburg. They offered a stubborn resistance, and three of the arresting officers were wounded. Among the instruments of destruction captured were four pounds of dynamite—about 144 pounds.

The mail train on the Chicago and West Michigan Railway was thrown off the track about three miles south of Holland, Mich. Only the rear coach remained on the track. Express Messenger Pierson was fatally hurt, Express Messenger Cunningham and Mail Agent Hall slightly.

The towboat Polar Star exploded her boilers on the Mississippi, at Belmont, Mo., and is a total loss. Her barges were recovered. Captain Atkinson was blown 300 yards, and picked up in a skiff. Two firemen, two coal passers and the watchman are missing. The rest of the crew escaped with slight injuries.

THE BRAIDWOOD MINE.

A Searching Party Temporarily Imprisoned in the Mine—No More Volunteers.

BRAIDWOOD, ILL., April 2.—At the Diamond Mine the excitement is very intense, owing to the fact that the bodies discovered were brought out. Yesterday afternoon news was brought up that the party which had gone down after the bodies was imprisoned in the roadway while putting the bodies in the coffins. The wives and relatives of the men in the mine were wild with grief over the prospective death of their friends. A party was at once sent in search of them. When the second party had reached the point where the bodies were recovered, they found a large pile of stone blocking up a narrow passageway. The first party was liberated. One of these men was so prostrated that he had to be carried home. The rescued party said they would never go in again. Other searchers who have been working there say they will not go down again. It is thought no further search will be made, as no man can be found willing to go down. The bodies were taken out about 4 o'clock and placed in the morgue, where crowds passed through and viewed them.

Curious Suit for Damage.

CLEVELAND, April 2.—Frederick Hamner was sent to the work-house about a year ago. He now brings suit against the city for \$10,000 damages, claiming that he was put to work on a dangerous machine without knowledge of the workings of the same, causing the loss of two fingers, and crippling an arm for life.

Infernal Machine Factory.

CORK, April 2.—It is reported that the police have reason to believe that an infernal machine factory has been established in this locality. Their activity in certain matters is indicative of a movement which they hope will lead to its discovery.

Destructive Fire.

LOANSTOWN, Mass., April 2.—The large leather board mills and outbuildings owned and managed by Col. J. A. Harwood, burned yesterday. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$71,000. Seventy-five hands are thrown out of employment.

A RUINED GIRL'S STORY

Woman's Confiding Weakness and Man's Perfidy.

Love Lasts While the Money Lasts, Then Comes Wrecked Hopes and Bitter Remorse.

St. Louis, April 2.—In order to get at the facts in the scandal connecting the name of Health Commissioner Francis with Ida Simpson, which has of late been attracting so much attention throughout the country, that person was called upon by your correspondent to-day. Miss Simpson was out with her brother and his wife, but at 10 the trio returned, and there was not the least hesitancy on the part of any of the family in conversing on the absorbing topic. It may be premised here that Miss Simpson is a young lady twenty years of age, with eyes as black as the shoe, and hair as black as the raven's wing. In plain English she is a right down pretty girl with bewitching face and lovely form. She readily gave a history of her first acquaintance with Mr. Francis, the attention he had paid her, her downfall, remorse and thirst for revenge. Then came the story of her late attempt at suicide. "Yes," she said, "it is true that I did try to kill myself. I felt like the world had turned its back on me. Mr. Francis, who had sworn to love and take care of me all my life simply deserted me, and told his friends he had made a blasted fool of himself. The papers spoke of me as if I had been a loose woman, trying to blackmail a respectable citizen. I was a ruined girl and without a friend. I determined that I would put an end to myself. I wrote an account of my life and wrongs for the Globe-Democrat, and sent a copy to the man who had been the cause of my downfall. I had two bottles of chloroform. After locking the door I made a pallet on the floor and placed a pillow on it. I put the letter to the Globe-Democrat under the pillow, where it would be found the first thing. Then I saturated my clothes with the chloroform, took a spoonful of it internally, and laid down, as I thought, to my last sleep, but they found me. Dr. Thompson was sent for and he brought me to."

"And you see," continued the lady with a bright laugh, "that I am still alive and as lively as a cricket, and now I want the world to know the truth about me. I have no hatred for Mr. Francis. I cannot subdue all my love for a man to whom I gave all that a woman has worth giving her first love, but he has thrown me off as if I had been a dog. If he had been anything of a man he would have shielded me and said to the world: 'I am responsible for this girl's pain, and I will bear the burden of it.' He knows how he persuaded me, blinded me and infatuated me. I would have given him my life, such was his influence over me, but at the first breath of scandal he runs away and leaves all the heavy load for me to bear."

THE TRIP TO CHICAGO.

In conversation with a Post-Dispatch reporter Miss Simpson was asked: "What injustice do you complain of?" "In the first place Mr. Francis says simply that he went off to Chicago, and that he was a fool. He leaves the impression that he and I ran off on a spree. Why did he not come out like a man and tell how he almost carried me away?" "How was that?" "I have no ill feeling against him in my heart, but my story has never been told. Two days before we left town, he came to my boarding house in his buggy. He was almost crazed with drink, and he begged me to take care of him. He said that all was over between him and his wife, that she would not talk with him and would sue for a divorce, and that he could now look after me. I asked him what he wanted done, and he said that I should take care of him. 'Let us take a drink,' he said, 'and talk it all over.'"

"Did you agree?" "Yes. I never wanted him to leave his wife; never asked him, but I thought if it is all over between them, it will be right for me to take my chance. Perhaps he might marry me and give me at least a name, if I had lost honor. If he had left his wife for good, was it not natural for a poor girl in my condition to cling to my last chance? Then, he was so drunk that I was afraid to let him go away alone. We went out driving, and he drove at a furious gait. Several times were nearly upset, and once he ran into a telegraph pole and had a narrow escape. Then I took the lines, and at his direction drove to a place in the suburbs (Miss Simpson named the place), where we remained all that night and most of the next day. I did so because he begged me to take care of him. The next afternoon he had sobered up some. He said he would never sober up here, and he intended to go to Chicago. I told him that was the best he could do. Then he said I must go, and I immediately refused. But he begged and entreated, and at last I consented. During the drive he took out \$250 and gave it to me to keep for him. Now, if I wanted to trick him could I not have left town? That money would have provided for me in a strange place, and I would have escaped

disgrace, but I would not do such a thing. He told me when he gave me the money that Dr. Grinden and Mr. Fitzwilliam bound to stop him when he was leaving the City Hall that afternoon, but that he had drawn his pistol, made them both stand aside, and threatened to kill the man who would attempt to detain him."

"What happened in Chicago?" "Oh, I dislike to talk about these things, but I have suffered and I have been abused. Mr. Francis was drunk there all the time, and he spent his money and all I had, too. Every time he ordered a bottle of champagne he gave the boy a half a dollar, and his payments to boys alone ran up to \$6 or \$7 a day. We stopped at the Palmer House, and I did all I could to keep him from drinking, but he would. One day I was writing a letter to St. Louis. He demanded to see it, and I refused. He pulled his revolver and said, 'I'll give you three minutes to put that letter down on the table.'"

"What did you do?" "I looked at him and said, 'Then I give you notice that in three minutes you must kill me, for you will never see that letter.' He saw I was in earnest, and would not shoot. Then I remembered that I, too, had a pistol in my satchel, and I got it. I went over and locked the door. He made a rush at me and I drew my revolver and said, 'stand where you are. If you advance another step I'll drop you like I would a dog. You have ruined me and taken me from my home. Now you beat me.' That owed him, and he did nothing. The previous day he had beaten me and dragged me around the room. I had marks on my neck long after I came home as the result of his treatment. The next day he gave me some money, after he had telegraphed for it to St. Louis, and on the following morning I found that he had stolen it all back, and my pistol, too, and gone out. When he came back he sat in a big chair and asked me to read the paper to him. He could not read, he was in such a condition. I sat on the edge of the arm-chair while I read, and succeeded in taking his pistol out of his pocket before he knew it. Then, with the revolver, I forced him to give me enough money to come home."

"He did not want to do so, but I said I would go, with or without him. Only for that pistol I never would have had the money. I was bound to go while I had it. What am I blamed for? I'm a poor girl, who was foolish enough to yield to the repeated solicitations and entreaties of a man who was my superior in age and position, and to whom I was almost indebted for my living. I felt, but he knows who was to blame. I have no ill feeling against him, even now, and would not move a finger to injure him. All that I ask is that he furnish me some means to leave here and go to a place where I can earn an honest living again. At present I have not a dollar to do this."

FURIOUS FLAMES.

Burning of a Montreal Block—Loss \$100,000.

MONTREAL, April 2.—Flames shot forth from the Union Machine Shops, owned by J. Brissette, within three doors of the Theater Royal. An alarm being given, the large audience in the old temple made a speedy exit unharmed, although a semi-panic existed. In the same block the following firms carried on business: Sharpe & McKinnon, boot and shoe manufacturers; Tees & Co., undertakers, and J. Chapless & Son, printers. The flames illuminated the whole city and alarmed the inhabitants. The whole city brigade fought the fire with perseverance. The three establishments were completely destroyed, with their contents, by 11 o'clock and the livery stable of John Flanagan reduced to ashes. The blaze spread to the book printing establishment of Christian Brothers, where it was extinguished. On the south, the fire extended up to the Theater Royal, which was saved. The loss in the aggregate is \$100,000, fully insured in the Royal, Scottish Union, London, Liverpool and Globe, Imperial, London and Lancashire, of England, British America, Western Citizens, and Sun, of Canada. R. Jellinian owned the block, the other sufferers being tenants.

Combustion of Chicago Brewers.

CHICAGO, April 2.—Some time since the Brewers' Association reduced the price of beer from \$8 40 to \$8 per barrel, and discontinued the practice of allowing drivers forty cents per barrel for treating customers. As several of the small breweries were not in the Association the prices have since been cut as low as \$7, and the disbandment of the Association was imminent. Finally, however, at a meeting held Saturday, an ironclad agreement to hold the price at \$8 was signed, and all breweries were admitted to membership except the Pilsener Company and Henry Gebring. The combined capital represented in the association is now \$7,000,000, and the annual production of beer 600,000 barrels. The next move to be inaugurated by the beer syndicate will be an advance of fifty cents a barrel, which, it is rumored, will soon be made.

Chloroformed and Robbed.

CINCINNATI, April 1.—Between two o'clock and daylight burglars entered the rooms of Dr. Pendegast, at No. 435 West Fourth street, where he was asleep, and, chloroforming him, robbed him of a suit of clothes, a gold watch, \$150 in money, a valuable ring and several pocket surgical instruments.

ARTHUR'S ILL HEALTH.

Belief That He Will Not Live His Term Out.

His Greatest Trouble is Insomnia—Hopes that the Climate of Florida and a Change of Scenery Will Recuperate His Physical Condition.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—President Arthur's condition, physically, really gives good grounds upon which to base uneasiness. There are hundreds, aye, thousands of cool, honest and sensible people here who believe that there will be another President than General Arthur before the expiration of the present term. This subject has been the source of a great deal of quiet private talk during the past month, and as time advances the idea that General Arthur is himself growing alarmed over his condition seems to gain strength. As stated some time ago, the President can not sleep soundly. He has insomnia, and it afflicts him sorely. The loss of sleep will in time crush the strongest constitution, and his appearance indicates now that it is wearing upon him. Standing hard by the President at the White House on St. Patrick's Day, while the procession passed him, he looked unnaturally pale and haggard. There was an unusual amount of whiteness about his eyes, the balls seeming white almost to the sight center. Heavy black lines under his eyes formed a strange and ill contrast against the pale, bloodless flesh about the breadth of his cheeks. Directly over his cheek bones there are large spots of coagulated blood. He seemed more limp than usual, and his walk was less brisk than common. He cast his eyes about him in a nervous, uneasy manner, as though uncomfortable and suspecting.

A gentleman, who has been in the President's presence a great deal since then, says that these symptoms of distress and ill health have increased, and that the President must have rest. He says the stories painted about the President being haunted in his sleep; the cruel report revived from New York that his wife died from a broken heart, and the caricatures made of him, based, as a general thing, upon absurdities, and facilities, and being brutally mean, do not tend to relax the tension of his nerves nor sweeten his rest. He says that, although General Arthur is a man of iron nerve, and seemingly insensible to the threats of an unsympathizing world, he is very susceptible to this harshness, and is sad of heart. There is little doubt that the mental strain he has given to his office has done much to break him down, while the taunts of an uncharitable constituency have hurried him toward his almost wrecked physical condition.

It is now arranged that he will leave here on Tuesday, accompanied by Secretary of the Navy Chandler and the President's private secretary Phillips, and that he will spend ten days or two weeks in Florida. He hopes to get rest and to be as quiet as possible for a few days. He will go fishing in Florida waters. A change of climate and recreation may help him to sleep better. If he is not benefited he will return speedily. Did he not feel the necessity of such a trip he would not leave Washington just now, for there are many matters of importance before him.

A Society Discouraged.

St. Louis, April 1.—Judge Treat, of the United States District Court, has decided in a case where a party was under prosecution for sending obscene literature through the mails, that the evidence which was procured by means of decoy letters sent to the guilty parties, was inadmissible. Unless it could be shown that the literature was sent to persons who wrote for it in good faith, it could not be admitted, and, as such a ruling absolutely crippled the prosecution, the case was nolle prosequi. As no one can be expected to admit on the stand an application in good faith for such infamous matter, the Society for the Suppression of Obscene Literature is completely discouraged.

Herman's Lacerated Heart.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Miss Rebecca McLean, of Stapleton, Staten Island, has been sued for \$10,000 for breach of promise of marriage by Herman Barnich, this city. She recently came into a fortune estimated at between \$50,000 and \$100,000. She said to-day that the suit was purely a money-making operation. Mr. Barnich had broken the engagement, and he did so from sheer jealousy. When she refused to become reconciled to him he brought the suit.

The President Going South.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—President Arthur will start for Florida Tuesday. The President wants to postpone appointing a Postmaster General until after he has made his trip to Florida, but he cannot get over the statutory provision requiring the vacancy to be filled within ten days. It is probable that the Attorney General will decide that the President can postpone the matter by selecting a man to act as Postmaster General every ten days.

LIFE ON THE BORDER.

Awful Work of Renegade Indians Out West.

Our Troops in Hot Pursuit, but They Don't Seem to Ever Catch Up.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., April 2.—Captain Black and five companies of troops are still in pursuit of the renegade Indians. The rebs, after crossing the line, broke up in small bands, and after killing about fifteen people were driven toward the Mexican border. The greater number passed up the Animas and Alaman valleys through the Hatchet and Animas Mountains, and are now believed to be safely hid in the Sierra Madre, beyond the Mexican line, where they will be able to repel any and all attacks. Without doubt they were Jub's band of renegades, and came up unincumbered, without women, to secure provisions and ammunition.

Last night two cattle men, wounded by Indians, came into Deming. Advices from San Carlos reservation state that the rations issued this week were less by 7,000 pounds than the usual amount there, it being found that almost entire bands had left the reservation, although the chiefs had asked for the usual amount. This is conclusive proof that the reservation is where the Indians are from.

Dr. J. H. Carroll, a prominent ranch man and pioneer in the Gila Valley, was surrounded by Indians near the Carlisle Mine yesterday afternoon, but by abandoning his horse he made his escape, and reached Richmond on foot.

The latest news is that three miners were killed near Animas Mountain, in the southern part of the Territory. This happened yesterday. All possible precautions are taken. All available cavalry troops are scouting.

A telegram says that Capt. Black had a fight with the hostiles and was badly cut up, but this lacks confirmation.

An attack was made on the camp of the Grand View mine, twenty miles south of Clifton, A. T., by Indians, supposed to be White Mountain Apaches; but possibly the remnant of Jub's band returning from Old Mexico, and two men were killed. The same band attacked Swing's ranch, near Ash Springs, A. T., and killed five men.

The body of little Charles McComas was found by the troops about two miles from Silver City. His parents, Judge McComas and wife, of St. Louis, were killed in Thompson's gulch. He had been branded.

Fifty Comanche renegades attacked a ranch near Las Cruces, and captured ten head of cattle, killing the herder.

A man by the name of Johnson and five others were killed near Sallullo yesterday.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

France.

PARIS, April 2.—It is reported that M. Tirard will, within a day or two, resign the Ministry of Finance, and that M. Leon Say will succeed him. It is also stated that, owing to the ill-feeling created in Germany by the appointment of General Thibaudin to the War Portfolio, that officer will also tender his resignation, and that General Camperion will succeed him.

M. De Lacour, the French dramatist, died to-day.

Madame Louise Michel is confined in the prison of St. Lazare. She has not been permitted to receive any visitors, although many persons have applied for admittance.

It is reported that her counsel was refused an opportunity to see her. The officials of the prison state that she is well treated.

PARIS, April 2.—Later accounts of the boiler explosion at St. Dizier yesterday, show the number of persons killed and injured much larger than at first reported. Thirty-one persons were killed outright. The number of injured, it is now stated, reaches sixty-five. Many of them, it is stated, are fatally hurt.

Belgium.

LONDON, April 2.—A dispatch from Brussels reports that a sensation has been caused in financial circles there over the discovery that VanDamme, a prominent stock broker, has embezzled the sum of 1,000,000 francs belonging to persons who deposited money with him. VanDamme has been arrested and lodged in prison.

Ireland.

DUBLIN, April 2.—John Brennan has been again arrested on charges based upon further evidence which it is claimed connects him directly with the assassination conspiracy.

England.

LONDON, April 2.—Great excitement is caused at Liverpool by what is said to be another Fenian outrage. The police found a Springer street bonded warehouse flooded with spirits, the bungs removed from the casks, and the intention seemed to be to fire the liquor.

Conkling's Sister Dying.

ROCHESTER, April 1.—Miss Mary Ann Conkling, sister of Hon. Roscoe Conkling, is in the City Hospital here, and said to be dying. She has been sick two weeks.